

Nation

Volume 11, No. 4 • January 9, 2004



Essay Contest Winners

Legend



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The screenshot shows the Nation website interface. At the top is the 'Nation' logo and navigation links: home, photos, letters, archives. Below this is a section titled 'PLACE A CLASSIFIED' with a 'Place an Ad' button. To the right, there's a 'SEND US A LETTER' section. The main content area features a large article titled 'Ted Moses: Modern-Day Trailblazer' by Will Nichols, accompanied by a photo of Ted Moses. To the right of this article are several smaller article teasers: 'NHL Rookie, Jonathan Cheechoo', 'Violet Pachanos', 'Whapmagoostui Art Factory', and 'Margaret Cromarty'. At the bottom left, there's a 'CREE LEGENDS' section with a photo of an elder and text about Cree legends.

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Wemindji Leading the Fight Against Diabetes



by Steve Bonspiel

Native people are affected by diabetes on a much larger scale than Caucasians, according to the Canadian Diabetes Association (CDA). For that reason, it is of the utmost importance that we, as Native people, fight diabetes in our everyday lives, especially in Eeyou Istchee where the disease has become an epidemic.

The Northern Stores wrapped up an awareness campaign on December 31. Their goal was to sell as many paper snowmen (for \$2 each), with the proceeds of those sales going towards diabetes research for the CDA.

Last year, 8,000 snowmen were sold in all 162 Northern Stores. That number has more than tripled this year and the stores in the James Bay area had a lot to do with it. Over 27,000 snowmen have been sold in total. This large number was made possible when Giant Tiger stores in larger cities like Regina and Winnipeg joined the fight.

The Northern stores in Wemindji, Eastmain, Waskaganish, Chisasibi and Whapmagoostui combined to sell over 5,100 snowmen. Wemindji led the way with 3,000 snowmen sold! That equals out to more than two per person in the village! That is an astonishing number, and an example of what can be done when the determination to make a change is prevalent. Wemindji and its population of less than 1,200 people outsold the city of Winnipeg, with its population of over 650,000!

The *Nation* spoke with Terry Findley, the new manager of the Northern store in Wemindji. His enthusiasm for the project was a large reason why the community was so successful. Findley helped spearhead



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on the cover

photo:
Winter Scene in Waskaganish
by Danielle Valade

the project, and encouraged his employees to sell as many as they could to help fight diabetes. "The enthusiasm and the smiles on people's faces when they give, it really warms my heart to think that people are so kind and generous in trying to fight this horrible disease," he said.

"I'm so overwhelmed by their generosity and their drive to put their foot forward and set a new precedent in fundraising for diabetes. People are tipping their hat to me, but it's not me, I owe it to my staff, they know how much this means (to the community)."

The numbers for Wemindji were initially projected to be between 1,000 and 1,500. The company thought 2,000 was overly ambitious. This wasn't to slight the village, but had been based on last year's sales of a meagre 400. To the employees at the Northern, and to manager Findley, beefing up those numbers was seen as a challenge.

To make the fundraising more interesting there was also a \$100 wager on the table between Wemindji, Eastmain and Waskaganish. Whoever sold the most snowmen got \$100 from the other stores to spend as they see fit. When Wemindji won, Findley and his staff chose to put the \$200 towards purchasing more snowmen and fighting this debilitating disease.

In the end, they shattered all predictions and because of their hard work and determination in fighting diabetes, they are the talk of the other Northern stores, and all over Eeyou Istchee.

Looking back 12 months....

As I can see into the near future, sometime before February, I forecast that the winter will be cold and dreary and that for this year, it will be a leap year. However, I tend to think that looking back is a lot easier than trying to forecast anything, even for the coming weekend. I know for a fact that in the last year that many a good man and woman struggled with their laundry and contemplated the eternal question: Just exactly where that lost sock is now?

I know that the struggle of the so called "free" world (never heard of anything for free in a capitalist country) to rid themselves of terrorism only made the world a more dangerous place to live, fueling more and more terrorist activity. The capture of Saddam Hussein made it to the record books as one of the most expensive man-hunts in history and the gloating over the rebuilding of Iraq seems to have left out Canada as a potential contractor, so I guess that means that Cree Construction is out of the picture as a benefactor for those lucrative contracts. We could always say that we are our own Nation and vie for those deals outside of Canada's jurisdiction as a country that opposed the war against Iraq. If George Sr. had any brains, he should have finished off the job in the first place and rid the world of that infidel.

Not that I have anything against Iraq or other countries who are fighting for their own identity and culture and ideals, but hey, how many people have to die before someone wins or loses? I say that the idea of a one world government is starting to look better and better; how do they say it? No boundaries?

Closer to home, Nemaska and Eastmain are having a major change to the countryside, kind of like a marriage, for better or for worse. I can only say in hindsight, that the world seemed a little more dangerous and that risks were everywhere you looked, again, perhaps paranoia fueled by 24/7/365 and a quarter news flashes from around the world might be doing the trick. In Cree country, our population grew statistically and faithfully so since '75, by 3.1%. Must be the milk and all those growth hormones that they feed the livestock being re-ingested by the human species.

Trade and commerce seemed to have grown dramatically with millions of yen being poured into the local market by hungry consumers aching for new jobs and fast cash, now steadily employed at EM-I. As the communities grew like french fry stands and burger joints around every bend, enterprises boomed like wild fires burning out of control. I suppose that once the flames settle down a bit on the economic range, some sturdy companies will survive the onslaught of fresh money. Remarkably so, many Whapmagoostuiians have yet to taste their share of the EM-I pie.

As for the weather, incredible as it may seem, the north is warming up slowly every year, and my assumption is that the north is still thawing out from the last ice age and it will be another 100,000 years before it returns, so everyone, start practicing on how to apply sunscreen and suntan lotion, 'cause things are gonna get hot!

Many moons ago, about six of them, it was summer time and when mosquitoes were having a fine time being associated with the West Nile virus, I came upon a small pond that was teeming with trout big enough to fit my frying pan. As I cast from the shore, I thought of how good the world would be if everyone would take up fishing and just take time off from the bustle of the world and the madness of modern day life to catch their own pan fry. And then I thought of the silence and solitude pierced only by the buzz bombing of flies and the splashing of a succulent struggling trout would sadly be interrupted and drowned out by the chatter of humankind, and I thought, why bother?

Happy New Year!
(to those who wish to enjoy it!)



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First Baby of 2004!!!

Chantal Bullfrog and John James Wapache of Whapmagoostui have the honour of being the parents of the first Cree baby of 2004, and the first baby of 2004 in the Val d'Or area. The little one's pending arrival cut out any New Years' Eve celebrations as Bullfrog started her contractions at 9 pm and was wheeled into the hospital at midnight. It was not a surprise as January 1, 2004, was the due date.

Benjamin Wapache came into the world at 4:23 am, weighing 6lbs, 11oz. He is the newest brother for Britney, Johnny and Laney, who are eagerly awaiting him at home with Bullfrog's mother.



Chantal Bullfrog, John James Wapache, Benjamin Wapache with doctor and nurses at Val d'Or hospital on January 1st 2004.

Photo by: Germain Lyrette

"Everyone is doing fine," Bullfrog said. "It gets easier the fourth time around." She would like to thank all the doctors and nurses at the hospital and also a special

thanks to her mother and sisters for taking care of the other children. She will be returning home January 13.

letters

I have been the Anglican Minister in Mistissini for 5 1/2 years but will soon be moving. People in other communities may also be interested to know about the move because my wife and I have visited all except Whapmagoostui.

Hal Graham (418) 923-2286

Christmas, 2003

To the Council of the Cree Nation of Mistissini and an open letter to the people of Mistissini;

Thank you very much for the cheque for \$100 issued by Council in early December. I'm not sure what it is for but, unless I'm told otherwise, I'll accept it on behalf of Margaret and me as a Christmas gift with much appreciation.

Our days in Mistissini have been exceptional. People not only made us part of the culture but often made us feel right at the center of their hearts and activities. The experience of gathering to

welcome home walkers, for example, or for many other events where the community came together as one, has made such an impression on us that it has become part of our souls.

On November 30th a letter was read in the Anglican Church stating that Margaret and I would be leaving the community of Mistissini and would be relocated, February 1st in Geraldton, Ontario. People had no opportunity to prepare for this news so it was all the more difficult to accept. Cree people accept ups and downs as part of life and they move on with quiet strength in spite of feeling pain or sadness. And so, community members have been still showing their support and friendship and love for us, even though we will be here only a little longer. For this we thank you.

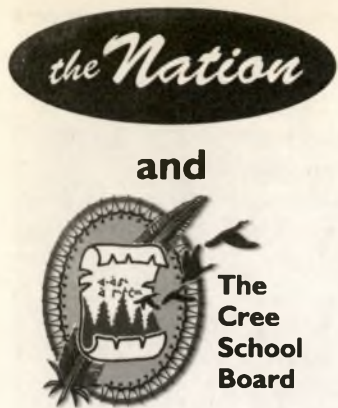
Words are sometimes inadequate but I feel that we are still in the middle of the work. It does not feel like it has been

completed, but of course there is always more to do. In the end it is God's work and so we trust that you will move forward with whoever comes to replace us.

Margaret and I are moving to an area of six communities, in northern Ontario, which have been without a settled minister for some time. One of the communities is accessible only by plane and one only by train. Two of the communities have over 2,000 people but the rest are quite small. Some are First Nation communities (I think Ogoki and Longlac reserve speak Ojibwa-Cree) and some are a mixture of First Nation, French and English.

Be assured that just as you took us into your hearts we will take you with us, in our hearts, as we move to our new place of ministry.

God bless you all, Hal and Margaret



Essay Contest WINNERS

Overall Winner

Abandoned

By Connie Esau

**Secondary IV,
Wiinibekuu School,
Waskaganish**

This is a story not only about neglect but the feeling of being abandoned. This is a story about a young Cree girl who lived in Wemindji, Quebec. This traumatized young girl feels abandoned by her Dad.

It was on a weekend of August 24th, 1997. It was a beautiful warm weekend in the community of Eastmain. The Lawlors consisted of a family of five. Chelsea was 10, the oldest of the children. Her two younger siblings are Quisha at the age of 7 and Brandon at the age of 1. Her parents' names were Joshua and Christina. She lived at 25 Sheebannock Drive.

Chelsea remembers going to bed feeling happy and loved. Both her parents were happy too. Chelsea and her two younger siblings went to bed.

All of a sudden, Chelsea is awakened by loud music and people yelling around. Chelsea younger siblings were awakened by loud music too. They all slept in the same room together.

Chelsea wondered what was going on, so she peeked out the door and she saw that there was a party going on. She didn't know what time it was but it was still dark outside. Chelsea waited around and heard some arguing and some people laughing. Chelsea peeked outside the door, she saw her Mom kissing another man that was not her father and she saw that Dad was passed out. She still saw a lot of people around. Chelsea then went to the bathroom. When she walked in the bathroom she saw a man standing there and she saw a man's organ. He was urinating. Then she went back into the room.

She saw her Mom in there. She was feeding Chelsea's younger brother. He was breast feeding at the time. Chelsea knew that her Mom seemed different. She was drunk.



All of a sudden, Chelsea's Dad storms in full of anger and drunk. He starts yelling at her Mom about getting too drunk. All of a sudden he hit her in the back. Chelsea saw that her Mom was gasping for air, her Mom had the wind knocked out of her. Chelsea sits there watching in fear, as well as her younger siblings too. Chelsea saw her brother move from his Mom's side and he came crawling to sit beside Chelsea. Chelsea held both of her younger siblings.

Chelsea saw that her Dad hit her Mom four more times and he kicked her in the stomach and back once. Then her Dad left the room. Chelsea then rushed to her Mom's aid. She comforts her Mom and cleans her up.

Chelsea tells her younger siblings to wait for her and they agree. They sat there crying and comforting their Mom. Chelsea quickly got dressed and ran to the police station, she told them

what happened. They drove Chelsea back home and they arrested her Dad and took him to jail.

The police took Chelsea, her Mom and her younger siblings to the clinic and they checked her Mom out. They questioned Chelsea and she told them what happened. Chelsea, her Mom and her siblings were taken to Chelsea's aunt's house. They stayed there for a while but then they moved back to their house. Chelsea's dad was sent to jail for six months. He was in jail for so long because of other charges too.

When Chelsea's Dad was gone, she felt empty. Chelsea never thought that her Dad was like that. She thought that her Dad was Superman. Chelsea thought her Dad would not hurt a fly. But on that day, Chelsea felt abandoned. She felt like her Dad let her down. She could not feel anything but hate towards her Dad. Chelsea felt differently about her Dad than before. She wondered why her Dad hurt her Mom that way. She wondered why Dad did that. It really hurt Chelsea when he did that. What hurt Chelsea the most is the fact that he did that in front of Chelsea and her younger siblings. She not only felt abandoned but neglected and betrayed.

About six months later, Chelsea saw her Dad at the door. She wondered why he was there. When Chelsea saw him, she was scared of him. She thought to herself, 'What if he hits me too?' When Chelsea saw him there, she just stared at him and then she walked away and went to her room.

Chelsea's Dad talked to her Mom. He told her that he was sorry. Even though her Mom loved her Dad, she had her doubts. Still she took him back. Chelsea wondered why she did that. Chelsea wondered why her Mom would take a man back that beat her. Chelsea was confused. Chelsea thought, 'I guess love hurts. Love is a mysterious thing. I hope I never fall in love.'

As the days turned into weeks, weeks into months and months into years, Chelsea still felt scared of her Dad. Today she is still scared of him. Chelsea thought that her Dad really let her down.

About maybe five years later, on December 4th 2002, was the last time Chelsea's Dad physically hurt her Mom. Chelsea was 14 going on 15. Before those five years he still beat her Mom up. Of course she still stayed with him.

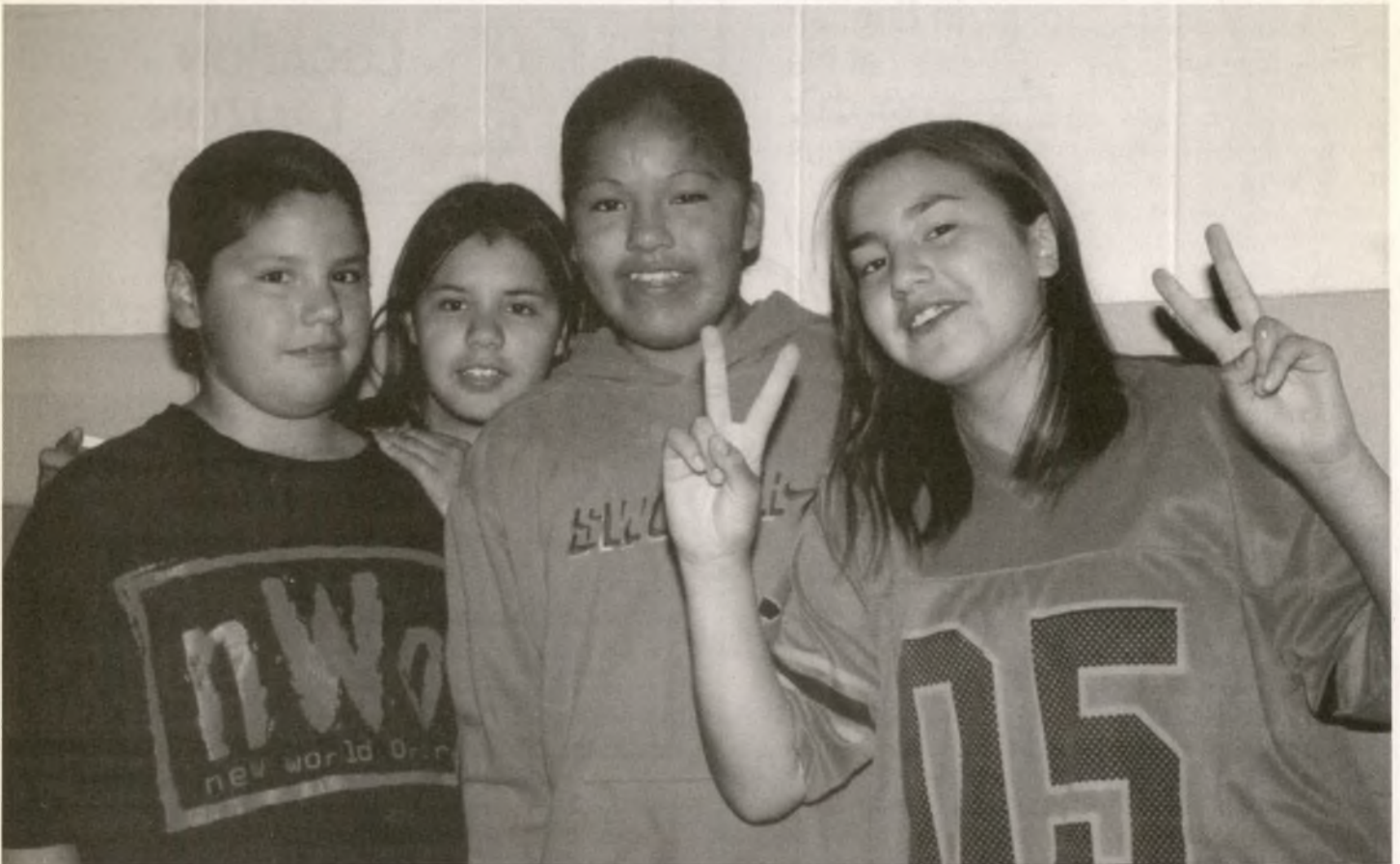
The last time he did that on that December day, Chelsea walked into her parent's room and she saw him beating her. Chelsea called the cops. Chelsea then interfered and hit him with a baseball bat. She yelled at him to leave her mother alone.

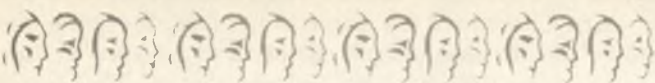
After Chelsea hit her Dad, he was sitting in a corner crying. Chelsea then grabbed her Mom's hand and she helped her to the kitchen. By then, the cops had already arrived and took her Dad away.

Of course, her Mom took her Dad back. Chelsea was not getting along with her Dad. Today, Chelsea still does not get along with her Dad. They'll have their days where they'll get along. But he stayed out of her way and she stayed out of his way.

Chelsea felt abandoned by her Dad. She felt like she lost a best friend. She felt nothing but hate and anger towards her Dad because of what he did to her Mom right in front of her. Chelsea had thought of her Dad as "Superman." She thought he was a gentle and kind man. She thought that he wouldn't hurt a fly. Chelsea felt that when he did that, she lost him. She couldn't look at her Dad the same way anymore. Chelsea would always worry if he would hit her or not. She always sat there in fear, not knowing what he would do to someone next.

Today, Chelsea and her Dad get along. They talked about it and opened up to each other. But Chelsea still has that fear of him going crazy again. Chelsea missed her old Dad, the one she knew and wasn't scared of when she was younger.





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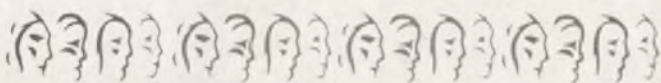
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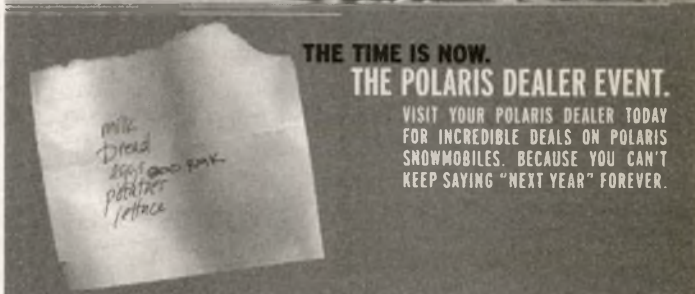
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Returning up North after seven years

By Helene Pelchat

**James Bay Eeyou School,
Chisasibi**

On this essay, I will write about what I did or what I experienced these past seven years down south. I will describe my previous experiences in the three different places where I used to live and where I am living now. I will describe it with the moving, my school years, friends and family. As a matter of fact, it was not easy moving almost every two years. In addition, I had to adapt to the cities where I lived in. From a small village up north, to big cities down south was surprisingly different for me. But now I know how to support myself in those individual places.

Hull – Between 1997 to 1999, I lived in Hull, Quebec. We moved there because my father went to college. Our moving was a big event for me. The first few days that we arrived I was not quite in the mood to fix my stuff because I wanted to play with my new friends. My parents were busy too. In September, my dad and I started school. He was in college and me in grade 2. After the summer holidays, we started school at the same place, this time I was in grade three. I had a hard time in my math but still passed my year with a little help from my dad. In summer 1999, we decided to move once again, this time to Montreal.


Montreal – Between 1999 to 2003, I lived in Montreal, Quebec. We lived in St-Leonard area for one year. I went to school in grade 4. I did not have a hard time with my work but I had problems with some students. On the other side, I had lots of friends in my class. The best time I had at my school was the recess. At year 2000, my mom was pregnant with my brother and we moved to the St-Michel district. It was really a quiet place to live. I made a new friend, her name was Khadidja and she was Arab. I learned a few words from her language and she learned a few words in our language. It was a special experience learning each other language. I went to school in grade 5 and 6 at the same school and I went to Secondary I in a huge high school, bigger than in Chisasibi. My father finished his university in May 2003. We were very happy for him. In July, we moved up North to our hometown, Chisasibi.

Up North: Chisasibi – We arrived here in June. For one week,



we've stayed at my grandparent's house. After, we moved in an apartment for one month. In August, we moved back for good at my grandparent's house. When I started school in Secondary II, I found it too easy, so the principal decided to put me in Secondary III. I find the school too free, the teachers are alright but I do not like the students with bad attitudes. Still, I have two real friends at my side, one of them is pretty close to me. On the other hand, I find the village a bit too boring, they don't give enough activities for the kids my age. I love to stay here with my family and we think we will stay here for one year or two. After my school years in Secondary, I will move out and go live somewhere else to attend my scholarship in college and in university.

I will conclude by saying that all these seven years living down south I've really enjoyed it. Why? Well because I love to see new places, new stores, new museums, new people, new friends and being part of different experiences. I learned so much down south. Like I said I will return to attend my fellow years in school. For now, I will finish my high school years up here in the North...



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- The Benefit can be used by one individual or shared with eligible family members to care for a child, parent, spouse or common-law partner who is gravely ill with a serious risk of death.

For more information about the Compassionate Care Benefit, call 1 800 O-Canada (1 800 622-6232), 1 800 465-7735 (TTY) or visit www.canada.gc.ca.



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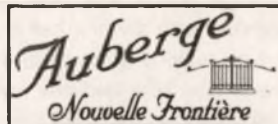


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My World

By Anthony Orr

**Grade 5 English,
Luke Mattaweskum School,
Nemaska**

Hi! My name is Anthony. My imagination is 'my world'. My world is named Zepher. Here's what it's like. It's a world with ten people, you can breath under water, fly in the air, some towns are made of candy and there are big hills and valleys with any animal you can dream of. Even ones that don't exist! Anything you think of becomes true. Well...almost anything. The only people on Zephir are; my Mom, my cousins, my friends, my sister and my Dad.

My world also has my imaginary friends who don't count as people. The names of the real people are Mom, Dad, Weja, Nathan, Crystal, David, Patrick, Charlot, Bryon and Tryston. The breathing under water can only be done in a really big lake called Shib-shob-tiggwob. A lot of people swim in that lake. Flying in the air is fun, so fun that it seems like you're going faster than the speed of light.

The towns made of candy are the best places you will see in your life. The houses are made of ginger bread. The people in the towns are gummy bears. The wheels of cars are marshmallows, and wood is chocolate. The hills and valleys are so beautiful, more beautiful than you'll ever believe. Some flowers and plants grow as tall as the CN Tower! The animals will let you ride them. The bugs are strong enough to lift or carry an elephant!

In my world, there's no such thing as money. Everything is free. Everyone can get what they want with a snap, a clap or a wink. The weather can be changed with a push of a button. Anything can come to life when you want it to. Toys can walk around and do real things.

This is the way it is in my world.



3rd place English

My Family Camp

By Eddy Thusky

**Secondary III,
James Bay Eeyou
School,
Chisasibi**

Our camp is situated just above Ottawa Lake. It isn't near the city. There are no rivers nearby, although the lake is joined to the Ottawa River. There isn't a stream nearby and the road to the cabin is gravel. You could get there by skidoo or by vehicle. It is about 20 hours from here, but this is a wild guess on my part. The time it takes to get there depends on which road you take.

You can take two roads to get there. Both of these roads are separated by 50 kilometres. One road is about 100 kilometres to our cabin or camp. Maybe it is more than 100 kilometres because it takes four to five hours of driving. The other road takes longer because you have to go around Rapide Lake. It takes about 45 minutes to go around the lake and then it is about two to three and a half hours from the lake.

Our cabin is located to the south of Chisasibi. It has a small porch in front. The roof is covered with black asphalt. It is a homemade cabin, meaning nobody helped us except for family. It was made when I was

three or four, I don't quite remember. It hasn't yet been renovated and it's a pretty old looking house, um cabin. The walls are made out of plywood. There is only one door in front and it has three windows, one in the back and two big windows upfront. In the middle of the two large windows is the door. Once inside it's pretty comfortable and you feel like you are home, but on the outside, which is pretty ugly, it hasn't yet been finished but that's



1^{er} place Français

Mon expérience à Chisasibi

Par Kamala Hérroux Houle

**James Bay Eeyou School,
Chisasibi**

Je suis arrivée à Chisasibi le 1^{er} septembre 2002. Les raisons de ma présence ici: mon père travaille pour la compagnie Northern Stores et il aime vivre dans le Nord. Mon petit frère et moi devons le suivre. Quand nous sommes arrivés dans la maison qui nous était désignée, j'en ai fait le tour et avec la curiosité qui m'habite, je voulais à tout prix visiter le village. Une heure après, nous l'avons fait et j'ai reconnu le Mitchuap que j'avais vu à plusieurs reprises dans les guides touristiques de la Baie James. Je trouvais agréable de voir quelques tipis montés et des gens qui parlaient une langue que je n'avais jamais entendue avant. Alors c'est là que ma vie a commencée au village...

Quelques jours après mon arrivée, j'ai commencé à aller à l'école en secondaire III. Bien sûr, j'étais en classe française car je ne savais pas un mot en anglais et encore moins en cri. J'étais gênée en classe, mais rapidement, je suis devenue amicale avec l'une des filles. Je me souviens aussi que les premiers mots en cri que j'ai appris étaient 'taan aa iihitiyin' et 'taapwaa wiyaash'. Je voulais apprendre quelques mots, mais je ne m'en rappelais jamais, c'était compliqué!

Le cours de cri était mon cours préféré car j'avais appris à faire des mocassins – je n'étais pas très douée – et des mitaines. J'adorais les mitaines que les gens portaient et j'en voulais à tout prix. Alors ma professeure Martha, aussi gentille qu'elle était, m'a appris comment en faire. Malheureusement, les premières mitaines que j'ai faites étaient trop petites. J'ai fait une deuxième paire et pour être sûre de ne pas les perdre, j'ai même brodé mon nom en cri. Je connaissais tous les symboles du dialecte du Nord. Je savais faire quelque chose que les 'liiyuuschii' savaient faire. Dans le fond, j'étais fière de moi. J'ai appris quelques mots en cri cet hiver-là car mon amie Mary et sa famille m'invitaient souvent à aller chez eux. De plus, je parlais un peu plus l'anglais qu'en début d'année.

Eh oui, cette année mon anglais est correct (excepté pour l'accent) et j'apprends toujours des petits mots en cri qui sont importants. Je travaille et je continue d'aller à l'école en secondaire IV. Il me reste un an ici pour compléter mon secondaire, alors ce n'est pas encore fini...

Merci à Mary Sealhunter et à sa famille. Je ne vous oublierai pas...

Merci à Martha Bearskin qui a été une bonne professeure de cri pour moi.

Thanks to Mary Sealhunter and to her family. I will never forget you...

Thanks to Martha Bearskin who is a good Cree language teacher.

okay because that's the way it should be, so my family says anyway. It is not painted, either inside or out, although it has some wallpaper here and there on the outside.

There is one large table on the inside with six chairs in the centre. When walking in you see the kitchen on the far left with a lot of cupboards filled with dishes and cooking utensils. On the far right you see stove and all around it are comfy couches. Toward the back are screens suspended above beds, which protect us from mosquitoes in summer. At one time we had a bigger cabin which was about three times the size of this one and two and a half times taller. It was massive, but we got kicked out by loggers. Immediately after this we started building a smaller cabin.

A day at the cabin is fun, mostly because it is packed with relatives. All my family is scattered now. Two of my aunties live in the US, one in West Virginia and the other in New York, one is in Ottawa and one is in Manitoba and another in Lac Simon and one in Megan-aigik. There is one in Winiway, Rapide Lake and in Kitiganzibi. Here I'm in Chisasibi, so it's fun when we all go to the cabin. The food we eat is mostly meat and lots of it. My uncles are extremely successful moose hunters.

2^e place Français

L'emploi idéal

Par Jonathan Hester

**Secondaire II,
Wiinibekuu School,
Waskaganish.**

Bonjour, je m'appelle Jonathan Hester. J'ai 14 ans. Je suis en Secondaire II et je vais à l'école Wiinibekuu. Je vais vous parler de l'emploi que j'aimerais occuper quand je vais être plus âgé. J'aimerais être joueur de baseball.

Pour faire ce métier, il faut être capable de bien travailler en équipe. J'aimerais être avec les New York Yankees parce que j'aimerais jouer avec Derek Jeter: il est très bon, c'est lui le capitaine de l'équipe. Quand je ferais des erreurs, il pourrait me donner des conseils.

Je devrai voyager pour faire cet emploi parce qu'il faut aller dans d'autres villes jouer contre les autres équipes. Je jouerais trois heures par jour, parfois ça pourrait être plus long.

Je pense que je vais faire cet emploi presque toute ma vie parce que j'aime vraiment jouer au baseball. Je pense que je vais être au champ gauche: j'aime attraper les balles en plein air. Quand j'aurai 40 ans, je ne pourrai plus jouer alors je voudrais être entraîneur des New York Yankees parce qu'ils ont gagné beaucoup de championnats.

Je dois terminer mon Secondaire V pour jouer dans les ligues majeures. Je dois aussi aller au collège. Évidemment, je devrai quitter Waskaganish, mais je reviendrai toujours ici!



3^e place Français

Bonjour à tous

Par Judy Trapper

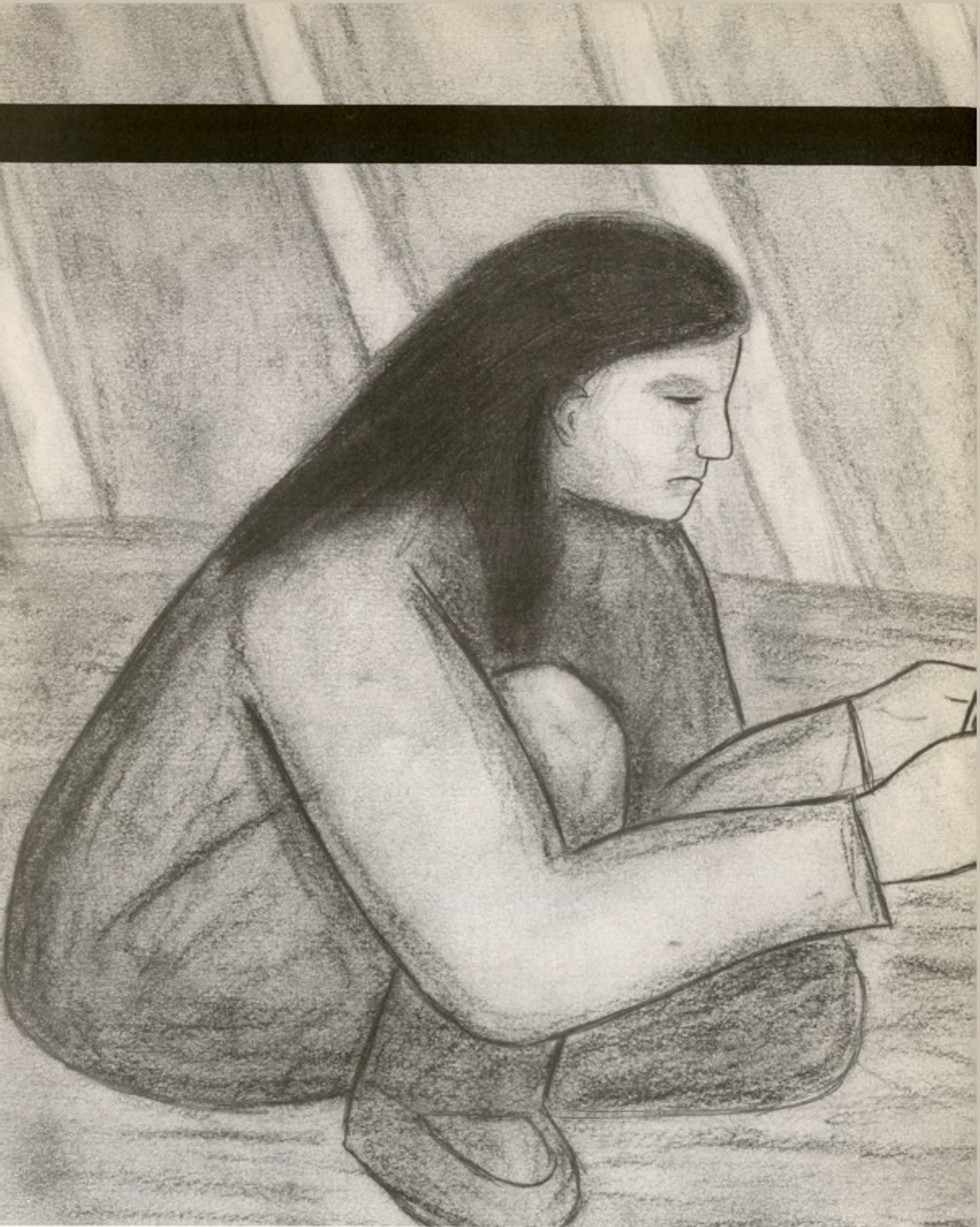
**Secondaire II,
Wiinibekuu School,
Waskaganish.**

Premièrement je vais me présenter. Je m'appelle Judy Trapper et j'ai 14 ans. Je suis en Secondaire III. Je suis née à Amos. Je vais à l'école à Amos en français, mais je suis inscrit à Waskaganish.

Alors, je vais vous parler de mes expériences et des affaires dans le bois. La première fois que j'y ai été, quand j'avais deux ans. J'ai souvent été dans le bois. J'ai appris plein d'affaires par mes parents. Par exemple; faire du banik, cuire du lièvre, faire du castor. Mais j'ai appris plus que ça. Des fois c'est tellement amusant avec mes sœurs et mon frère dans le passé. Mes parents m'ont montré comment vivre dans le bois. Je suis très contente de comprendre des choses par mes parents, Ronnie Trapper et Margaret Trapper. Ils vont toujours dans le bois pendant un mois au moins. Mais moi je suis habitué d'aller dans le bois. C'est tout ce que j'ai à dire. J'aimerais dire à la Nation Crie, Joyeux Noël et Bonne Année à tous!



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legend

Illustration by: Brian Webb

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Aahaapikw

Told by Job Kawapit
Translated by Brian Webb



JOB OPPORTUNITY

TLBSM Joint Venture in which Labo S.M. is a partner is required to carry out quality assurance control for the construction of a dam, a power station and dikes for a hydroelectric project –namely Eastmain-1.

We are currently seeking individuals for soil testing control, our on site laboratory and/or setting up the work site.

Individuals that have graduated as a civil engineer technician will be given priority. However, anyone possessing aptitudes in sciences with basic knowledge of English or French, may be eligible for the training program for this project.

We expect to recruit eight (8) people between now and the end of January 2004 and train them on this territory during the Winter of 2004 in order to assign the recruited staff to the Eastmain-1 site at the beginning of April/May 2004 to be overseen by a team leader. These positions will be for work from May/June to November 2004 and 2005.

Requirements:

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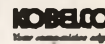


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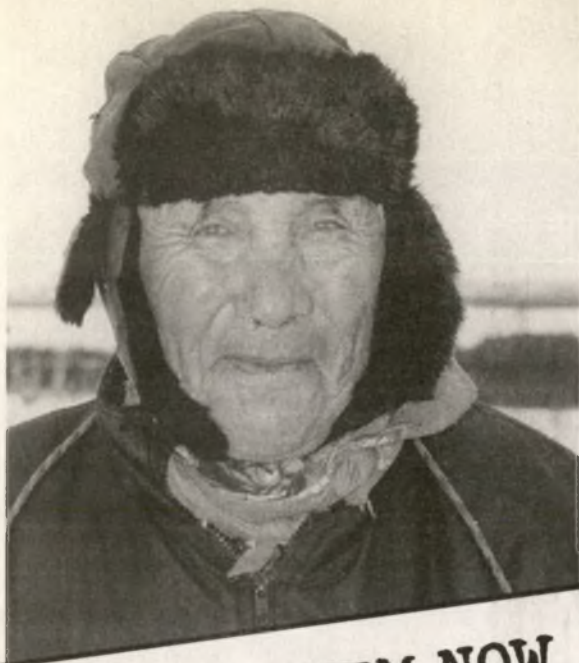
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One time when the children were fetching kindling, they mentioned seeing a nice dry tree in the area where they always got kindling. This was firewood that they never noticed before even though it was excellent kindling. But they were told not to touch because the people suspected that Mishaapuush might be up to something.



COLLECT THEM NOW

Rezolution Pictures International
is proud to present:

Dab Iyiyuu

**A six part series
on the skills and stories
of our elders**

The Cree expression *Dab Iyiyuu* describes those elders who embody traditional culture. They are living links to the world of the Cree ancestors. In six 24-minute episodes, *Dab Iyiyuu: Absolutely Cree* profiles some of these remarkable men and women — showcasing their traditional knowledge and stories.

Episode One: First Steps

Elder William Kawapit presides over the Walking Out ceremony — a Cree ritual that marks a child's first steps on the earth. Kawapit supervises construction of the ceremonial teepee and cradle, and crafts a traditional baby's rattle from tamarack and animal hide. His account of a coming-of-age legend, re-enacted by a Cree cast, rounds out the episode.

Episode Two: A Season in the Bush

Retired from teaching with the Cree School Board, Sam and Margaret Bearskin are at their inland hunting camp. Sam shows us how to make a bow-and-arrow, and gets his first caribou of the season. Maggie tailors a pair of hunter's mittens from animal hide, and tells us the story of the Lazy Hunter, a legend reflecting the traditional values of this hunter-gathering people.

Episode Three: Bush Medicine

Maggie and Andrew Natacheguan are spending the fall in *Eeyou Istchee*, the Cree homeland. Maggie forages for medicinal plants and shares her recipe for *shikumin*, a nutritious Cree dish. Andrew initiates us to the practical uses and mysteries of the sweat lodge, recounting the exploits of a legendary shaman. The mysterious tale of *The Man and The Mermaid* closes the episode.

Episode Four: Sonny's First Goose

Filmmaker Neil Diamond joins his extended family to celebrate his ten-year-old nephew's first goose hunt. It's a pivotal moment in any Cree boy's life. George, the family patriarch, recalls his own first goose, while his wife Louisa shows us how to smoke and preserve game. She decorates the head of Sonny's first goose as a memento of the event. We hear the dramatic winter's tale of a young widower whose rash behaviour reaps tragic consequences.

Episode Five: Keeping it Real

It's not every day that Mary skins a wolf — but it's the type of job that she takes in stride. Job and Mary Kawapit take us into the bush where they show us how to build a deadfall trap, how to clean a caribou hide, and how to set a gillnet under the ice. Then it's back to the teepee for a meal of bannock bread and bone marrow. Job tells the story of the *whiskeyjack*, or greyjay — the woodland bird believed to announce human births to the animal world.

Episode Six: Charlie Makes a Drum

For the first time in decades, 86-year-old Charlie Etapp is making a drum. More than a musical instrument, the traditional drum is central to the Crees' hunting culture. With his drum, a hunter summons the game — the creatures that sustain his people. His wife Louisa lends a hand, curing the leather for the drumskin. As he works, Charlie recounts his remarkable life story — his encounters with the spirit world and his enduring bond with Louisa.

Available on video cassette at:

The General Store — Chisasibi, Grocery store — Eastmain, Meechum — Mistissini,
Clayton's Video Store — Ouje-Bougoumou, Arts and Crafts — Waskaganish,
Oudaa — Waswanipi, Sandy's Corner Store — Whapmagoostui, Video Store — Wemindji



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But, as usual, the children didn't listen to what they were told. They chopped down that specific tree and brought it back for kindling. When the children returned, they were told to bring in their kindling into the teepee. They stood the kindling against the entrance bough bundles. Everyone settled in for the night.

Aahaapikw used to make his net at night because he didn't want anyone to watch him. He sat next to the entrance bundles with his net secured to a teepee pole.

As everyone went to sleep, Aahaapikw wove his fishnet. I suppose he fed the fire to see his net. There was kindling standing against the entrance bundles. As Aahaapikw wove his net, he heard someone speaking out. "Now, I know how Aahaapikw weaves fishnets! Now, I can make my own net!" Mishaapuush got up from the entrance bundles where the kindling was and walked away. He had apparently been watching Aahaapikw weaving his fishnet.

Translator's notes: Aahaapikw might be an old Cree word for spider. The spider was the one who taught the Cree people the concept of catching food with a net.

We acknowledge the support of the Canada Council for the Arts which last year invested \$21.7 million in writing and publishing throughout Canada.

Nous remercions de son soutien le Conseil des Arts du Canada, qui a investi 21,7 millions de dollars l'an dernier dans les lettres et l'édition à travers le Canada.

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Job Kawapit

22

UNDER THE NORTHERN SKY

A SUNDAY DRIVE

by Xavier Kataquapit



On a bright, cloudless day our family is preparing for a ride out onto the land. It is bitterly cold outside and the temperature has dropped to 30 below zero. Dad and our older brothers warm up our family's two Bombardier Elan snow machines. They also haul two wooden toboggans out and hitch them to the snowmobiles. The homemade sleds are 10 feet in length and they are topped with a box that has three-foot high sides. These are serious toboggans that are capable of carrying a lot of cargo.

It is an exciting day for everyone. It is Sunday and after attending mass and meeting all our relations and friends at church, our family of nine children had brunch. We ate a great meal of roasted goose and vegetables in preparation for our journey out on to the land.

Our parents decide on just an hour of riding near the community, so we don't bring any food or hot drinks with us. Everyone is bundled warm in layers of clothes. We all have on large heavy winter boots, snow pants, parkas and homemade fur lined hats. In addition to the hats, mom has also made us moose hide gloves and mitts.

Dad is driving the lead Elan and Mom is following him on another and both have sleds in tow. Most of my brothers and sisters are in the sleds. I rise up on my knees inside the wooden lined toboggan and look over its plywood side to view the community passing by. At the front, the snow is whipped up by the snowmobile track and this makes it difficult to look ahead. My brothers and I stick to the rear and hang on as the sled rises and bumps along the rough terrain. We slide from side to side as the machine and toboggan rounds a corner.

It is a great day for a ride. Even though it is mid afternoon the sun is hanging low on the horizon. Dad leads us to the river and we drive down the high bank and onto the ice in front of the community. We come across several other snow machines and we wave to familiar faces which are partly hidden by fur lined hoods, tuques and scarves.

As we follow a small channel of the river leading up the rapids near the community, my brothers and I try to keep up our activity to stay warm. We realize that when we sit still to watch the passing scenery we quickly become cold under our layers of clothes. We stand on our feet and follow the movements of the sled as it twists and turns around large lifted pieces of ice or boulders that line the shore.

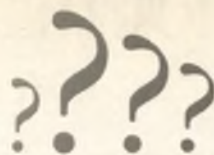
There is a ledge behind our toboggan where one can stand when the toboggan is full of supplies. It is a design feature that also allows a person to quickly push the sled and keep it from getting stuck in difficult terrain. It is a throwback from the dog sled days. My brothers and I all know that we are not allowed on this ledge while we are riding on an empty sled. However, we decide on making our trip a little more exciting as we take turns carefully climbing onto the ledge. We do this carefully so as to not be seen by our parents who are preoccupied with steering the Elans. The possibility of falling off the moving sled makes the trip more exciting and exhilarating as we speed along the rough snowmobile trails.

As I hang on to the back of the sled, we slowly climb up a smaller river bank and onto a narrow snowmobile trail in dense bush. It is a seldom-used trail and as we speed through the dense brush, long thin branches reach out and sting us. I duck now and then to avoid the charging branches. This becomes a game for all of us as we careen along the trail.

We exit the bush and ride out onto a lake. This is the perfect place for a rest and a good time to chat about the ride thus far. It is early evening now and the temperature has dropped even further. The entire family seems frozen in time as we sit quietly staring out across the clean, white lake surrounded by evergreens and under a dark blue sky. It is so quiet and an undisturbed layer of snow covers the entire lake. Long shadows from the surrounding forest stretch out on the flat white surface. We stand stiffly in our layers of clothing, breathing out frosty air in the orange light of a setting sun. We are at peace on our Sunday drive.

Four Questions

for National Chief Phil Fontaine



Nation: How did the AFN come up with the housing figures?

Fontaine: We studied the Auditor General's report. And the Auditor General's report that talks about the housing crisis used the figure of 8,500 homes. Keep in mind that this is an annual submission, the \$1.7 billion of extra funding that we are calling for, has to do with one year of operations.

We were reminded by Quebec that our figures were too low, so we are going to go back and revisit the report and check out the figures very carefully.

Nation: What kind of relationship do you think you are going to have with the new Minister of Indian Affairs and is it going to be a little bit more peaceful?

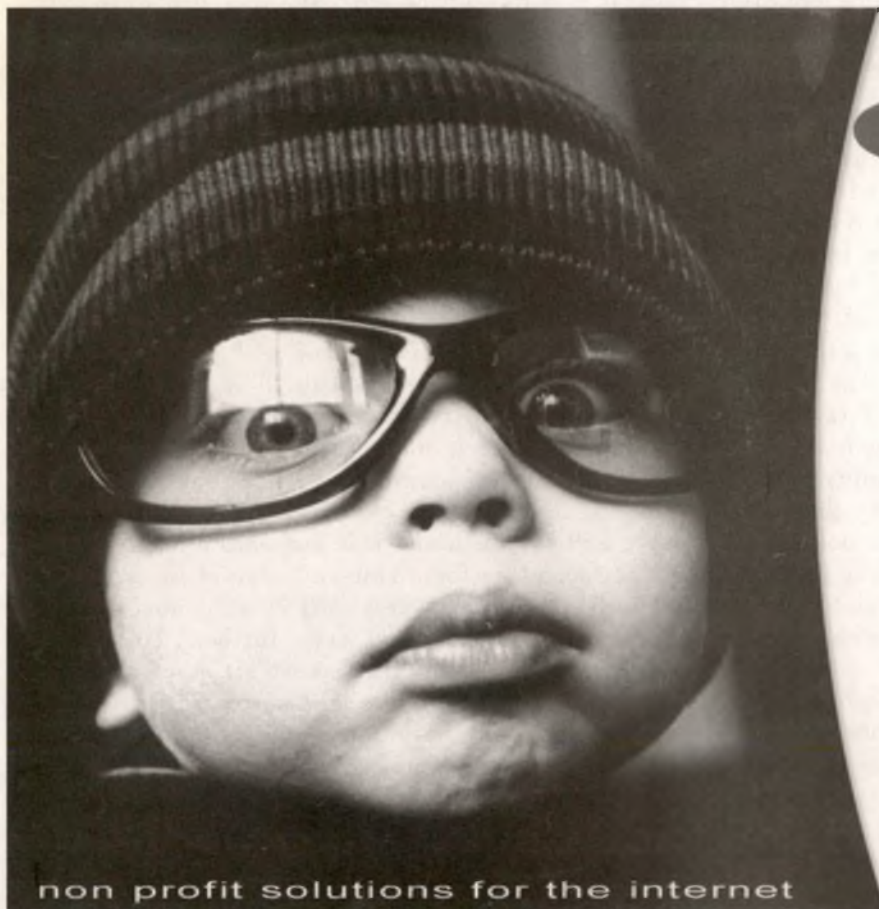
Fontaine: The relationship that we hope to have is one that is cooperative and

respectful and is consistent with all of the talks that we have heard recently about a "new" relationship. If the first meeting is any indication of the kind of relationship we are going to have in the future, I was satisfied, the discussions I thought were conciliatory. I got a sense from Minister Mitchell that he is willing to work with us. He talked about a collaborative approach about four times. So I'm anxious to see how this plays out and we're pleased to hear that this major program review that is being undertaken has the Minister of Indian affairs, Mitchell, part of the committee, and I think that is a positive sign.

Nation: Do you think the move by Mr. Martin to have his own Secretariat within the PMO (Prime Ministers Office) exclusively dealing with Aboriginal Affairs and that Mr. Martin's

heading it, that that's a sign that you are going to receive that kind of commitment from the government?

Fontaine: All that we have heard so far indicates to me that First Nation issues are a priority. Mr. Martin is going to chair the cabinet committee on Aboriginal Affairs, Minister Mitchell is the vice-chair, we have a special advisor in the Prime Ministers Office, there's going to be an Aboriginal Secretariat in the Privy-Council office. All of those decisions indicate to me that Prime Minister Martin is serious about doing something constructive about Aboriginal issues and making a real difference, in fact, assuring that a radical transformation occurs between the First Nations people and government and society and in terms of social conditions, ensuring that there is a real improvement in that regard.



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100 - BIRTHS

Congratulationz to my buddy Kerrie and her boyfriend Jazz on the birth of their baby boy on December 26, 2003. Weighing 8 lbs. 10 onz. , I don't know the baby's name but hopefully Jazz will name him soon!!! (lol)...Hey Kerrie & Jazz take good care of your new baby boy, and Zac too. Miss you Zac, (hope Santa brought you wanted for Christmas!) Luv ya guyz!! From moi, Dabweahdamoon (hope i'll see you all guyz soon!!)

101 - BIRTHDAYS

I would like to wish a Happy Birthday to Carrie-Ann Herodier on January 6, 2004. Happy Birthday and many more to come.... Have fun on your Special Day and I Love you...xoxoxox with Love Darcy'sh

I would juss like to wish a Happy Birthday to mah friend Rosalind Cheechoo, who is now turning 17 on the 27th of December. See you soon...On New Years that is...From your friend in Timmins.... you should know who.... your old enemy...lol...well don't get all snapped like usual

Happy 2nd Birthday! January 12, 2002, going out to our precious Endosheemnan Cherish Angel Joy Blacksmith Mitchell. There are no words that can express our LOVE for you, we miss you very very much and we hope to see you very very soon. With all our love, hugs and kisses we love you very very much! Love daddy Ben, grandpar-

ents Louise & Willy, uncles Kisis & Nikamoon and aun-
tie Manianne.

We would like to wish a happy birthday to Abraham Icebound jr on oct.20, antoine icebound on oct.18 and to nellie icebound on oct.29. we hope you had a great time on your birthday. from: romeo, stephanie, toronna & lianne ottereyes.

We would like to wish a happy Birthday to our Mom Anita on Jan 9, 2004. Happy birthday and many more to come...we love you so much, with love your Kids Vincent & Georgina'sh xoxoxox

Happy 3rd Birthday wishes



to our sweet daughter/sister Chelsea Happyjack on December 22nd, 2003. You're such a big girl, and oh so cute! Lots of love, from Mommy (Jennifer), Daddy (Jerry), big brother Ryan and your sisters' xoxoxo

I want to wish Happy Birthday to my grandmother Amy Niquanicappo. Her birthday is on January 3rd 2004. Also to my Aunt Betsy Masty, her birthday is on January 9th. To my Uncle

Joseph Niquanicappo, his birthday is on January 26th. Happy Belated Birthday to my Uncle Robbie Niquanicappo, his birthday was December 7th, 2003 and to my cousin Noel Masty, his

birthday was on December 25th, 2003. From Mary Niquanicappo.

103 - ANNIVERSARIES

Happy Anniversary to my husband Glen James

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Shecapio. On January 21st, 1996 it was the day I made a commitment to love you for the rest of my life and there's not a day that goes by that I don't live by this promise to stand by you no matter the circumstances in our marriage. Each day my love for you grows and I'm happy to have shared this life with you. We had been through a lot this past years and it's just a mark to prove that we are soul mates, I have your mark and you have mine behind your neck, and we were born the same year at the same hospital, what a coincidence, heh? I hope your day will be filled with happy memories and willing to look forward to the future with me and our four beautiful children; Nikki, Nemiah, Elisha and baby Angie Shecapio. You will always be in my heart. With love, Agnes Cheezo.

300 - PERSONALS

We would like to thank Mr. Albert Diamond, from Air Creebec, for inviting us to the Nishanawbe Aski Business Awards dinner, which was held at the Valhalla Inn in Thunder Bay, Ontario.... we had a really good time. And what student would turn down a free

meal...thank you Albert, from the Cree School Board student at Confederation College, Thunder Bay.

Dear mother - You were a mentor. You are a determinator. You were a conqueror. You had a great character. You had a great sense of humor. You were a hearier. Then you fortified me, agonized me, electrified me, then again, you gave me life, now that I what to strive. You were a unique mother, grandmother, granddaughter, sister, friend, niece, boss, co-worker, cousin, wife, and sister in law. Mom, you will always be my hero. But now that I know I will let you go. Remember, I will always love you unconditionally. Love, your dearest daughter cheigouwaash. Linda.

I want to wish Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Darlene Wapachee, Alana Dawn Phillips, to all at the Native Women Shelter of Montreal, to all at the Friendship Center of Montreal and to anyone else I may have forgotten. From Mary Niquanicappo.

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